OVER THE RIVER. The hours creep by on leaders feet,
And all the day is long to me,
I drink the bitter with the sweet—
Things are not as they used to be.
It's louesome, living on this way
lince papa went to Canada.

Good sooth, he did not want to go, He told me when he said good-by, He had the boodle with him, so They could not find it should they try. Then in a burried sort of way Poor paps went to Canada.

His place is empty on the board,
At home we see his vacant chair;
And we, alas, seem quite ignored
Because he's neither here nor there.
There is no place to go or stay,
Since papa went to Canada.
—Burdelle, in Brooklyn Eagle.

BIAR'S BACKSLIDING.

Narrow Escape from General Woe Because of It.

Pinney's place was severely neat in all wingless; the yard was undecorated, save for an evergreen bush set with geometrical precision on each side of the walk, and an elliptical flower bed whose bareness was atoned for by the large pink sea-shells which bordered it; the green paper shades in the front he green paper shades in the front rindows were rolled up as nearly as a climpse of chair backs set close aginst he wall. The door opened before Biar bould alight, and a girl came out. She wore a red-and-black checked shawl over a black alpaca dress, and she wall be walk with a stiffness which indicated a consciousness of being dressed up. Her thin, freekled face wore a pleased look.

"Good afternoon, Louise," said Louise unsteadily.
"Wal, I never!" she ejaculated.
"He's going down to Baldwin's after her, "said Louise unsteadily.
"Wal, there—!" the hired girl began, with some motive of consolation; but she stopped then, powerless before the look of suffering in the girl's face. She watched her with helpless sympathy as she went upstairs to take off the black alpaca.
Lyman Baker came in the next evening, and again three days afterwards. On that occasion Mr. and Mrs. Pinney and the hired girl went out into the kitchen; it looked as though Lyman was going to be steady company. The

Biar.

"Good afternoon," the girl responded. "I was all ready, and I thought there wasn't no need of your getting out and coming in."

She climbed into the buggy unassisted, and sat down on the front seat beside the long-legged, light-haired, serious-visaged young man. The mud splashed upon them as they started away. But Biar was "keeping company" with Louise Pinney, and it had not entered their heads to omit their usual Sunday afternoon drive because not entered their heads to omit their sual Sunday afternoon drive because be going was bad. Neither were they listureed by the lack of a single buggy. The two-seated one was all that Biar cosessed, except a lumber wagon, and hey would not have stopped at that if that been a condition of their going.

"I should think this way first-rate suther," said Louise, as they jog-

get along.
"You hain't tapped yet, I s'pose?"
"You hain't tapped yet, I s'pose?" We're going up to the sugar-bush norrow if this warm spell hangs on,"

lid not occur to talk for the sake of did not occur to talk for the sake of breaking the pause. They often rode for miles without speaking and without embarrassment from the silence. Blar flicked the horse occasionally with the frayed tip of the whip; Louise sat quiet, her plain face lighted with a simple content.

"Mis' Baldwin's got a visitor," she id as they came in sight of a long, illow-painted house. "She's got her usin from over in Dodsonville; Mandy cousin from over in Dodsonville; Mandy Sawyer's her name. Her folks are away from home and she's staying to Mis' Baldwin's while they're gone. I was down to Mis' Baldwin's yesterday and she introduced me. She's a real lively acting girl."

"Is that her?" said Biar.

He was gazing admiringly at a young girl who was standing at the Baldwin's front gate. She was lifteen at the most, but the was tall and home.

ut she was tall and plump, and there was a marked pretention to style and gayety in her blue, silk-trimmed dress, her white beads and the ribbon on top of her head. She was pretty, too, from a rural standpoint—she had red cheeks, sharp blue eyes and a profusion of light curls, which fell about her round face in the manner of an old-fashioned china

"Ho d' do, Miss Pinney?" she called Blar was staring at her broadly, and she gave him a pert little nod. He turned to look back at her as they drove on, and she returned his gaze boldly, shaking back her curls jauntily and

swinging back ner curis jauntily and swinging herself on the gate.

"She's pretty good-looking," said Biar; but that was a feeble expression of the admiration with which Miss Mandy Sawyer's blooming charms had overnowered him.

ar generally dropped in at Stephen inney's two or three evenings a week; t was a necessary part of keeping con-pany. That week he did not come. put on her black alpaca every evening, and took it off at 7:30. Biar never came later than 7:30, and there was no need of keeping it on after that me and wearing it out. She did not know why he did not come, but she had full trust in him and his non-appearance did not arouse her suspicions. But Ly-man Baker came in toward the end of

the week with a piece of news.

Lyman Baker had been mildly atten tive to Louise before Biar Gillett's suc-cession. He had not admired her par-ticularly—he flattered himself that he knew a good-looking girl when he saw one; but he had established an enviable reputation as a lady's man, and to keep it untarnished it was necessary that there should be no girl in the neighborhood who had not "gone with" him. He had bestowed his preference on Tilly Dillingham of late; but he was leaving Tilly severely alone at present becaus she had "other company" when he had invited her to the last sociable. He was a short, bony young man, with small dark eyes and a prominent tooth. He had clerked for a month or so in a shoe tore in the nearest town, and his metropolitan experience showed itself in his spotted crayat and his celuloid cuff-but-

There's a smashing girl down to Baldwin's," was Lyman's opening re-mark. It was a term which had been frequently employed at the shoe-store.

Stephen Pinney, his wife and the hired girl" were in the sitting-room.

If it had been Biar they would have refed to the back part of the house, because Biar was "steady company," and steady company was never infringed upon by the family in general.

upon by the family in general.
"I met her and Biar Gillett out walking jest now," Lyman pursued. "They they're going together."
ouise looked at him. Her thin

have any shirking this season. Louise sat silent, smoothing down her black alpaca—Lyman had come before 7:30— and saying nothing. But when he fin-ally got up to go. she rose also. "Be you certain it was him?" she

"Who?" said the young man.
"Be you certain it was Biar?"
"That I met walking with that girl that's to Baldwin's? Oh, land! yes,"

Lyman responded.

The hired girl looked sharply at Louise where she stood without moving after Lyman had gone. She was not a cook nor a servant—she would have recook nor a servant—she would have re-sented being called suck; she was a "hired girl." She was on equal terms with the family; she ate at the same table, occupied the sitting-room when not engaged in the kitchen, and entered into the family discussions.

"I declare for't Louise," she said with

sympathizing asperity "if I'd take on to worry. Biar Gillett ain't the only feller in the world—great spindle-legged thing!"
Louise only looked at her silently. It

was beyond her power not to worry; it was beyond her power to be any thing but utterly lost and miserable under this great calamity: and she was too simple and honest to pretend to any thing else. Biar Gillett—Tobiah, by baptism—drove down the muddy road and stopped at Stephen Pinney's front gate. It was a Sunday afternoon in early spring. The first thaw had set in; the sun shone down warmly, and the roofs of the houses and barns and the few dirty drifts of snow in the fence corners apdrifts of snow in the fence corners appeared dazzingly bright beneath it.

The wheels of Biar's two-seated buggy road, with Biar's lanky form on the dripped with mud, and the tall, red horse was well spattered. Stephen Pinney's place was severely neat in all particulars. The square house was wingless; the yard was undecorated, smartness, and wore a new hat—a wide-

window.

"Wal, I never!" she ejaculated.

"He's going down to Baldwin's after her," said Louise unsteadily.

"Wal, there——!" the hired girl began, with some motive of consolation; but she stopped then, powerless before the look of suffering in the girl's face. She watched her with helpless sympathy as she went upstairs to take off the black alpaces.

going to be steady company. The voung man sat in a large rocking-chair with figured calloo cushions and crocheted tidy. Louise had been sitting at the table, with its stamped oil-cloth cover and its red-wicked kerosene lamp, with a small paste-board box before her, whose contents she had been soberly fingering over. It held all that Biar had ever given her, a plain silk hand-kerchief, a small tintype of himself and a red carnelian bracelet. She put the eover on the box and dropped it into her lap when the visitor entered. She knew quite well that Biar had deserted her; that he was drawn away and held her; that he was drawn away and held fast by the superior charms of another girl. and that he was "going with" her steadily; that there was no hope of regaining him. She had settled down into a hopelessness which was worse than the first sharp pang; and her despair had developed a quiet passivity. She was not troubled by Lyman Baker's risit; she had not the jealousy for her o-morrow if this warm spell hangs on," visit; she had not the jealousy for her trampled hopes nor the self-assertion necessary for rebelling against him,

> Lyman broke the long opening silence by a remark concerning the weather. He followed it up, after another pause, with a piece of informa

> "They say that Biar Gillett and that girl to Baldwin's—what's her name?" "Mandy Sawyer," said Louise, raising her eyes in quick apprehension.
>
> "They say they're going to be married. They say Biar's been over to the Center and got a license, and they're

going to be married next sunday night, after meeting."

"You don't say so!" said the girl. But she felt no astonishment. The suddenness of the consummation was a fit element in the crude young courtship, and she felt it vaguely. Her hands were unsteady, and she rubbed them up and down the little paste board box. Then she put it on the table and shoved it away, without anger. It did not seem to belong to her now. Lyman Baker looked at her undisturbedly. He knew that she and Biar Gillett had been keep-

ing company, but he had no suspicion that she could have given Biar Gillett nore than a passing thought, in the face of his own superior attractions. A sudden idea occurred to him—an idea which was encouraged by recollections of Tilley Dillingham and the last sociable. He moved about briskly on his calico cushion, staring at Louise. The idea, considered in the abstract, pleased him, his small, dark face reddened excitedly and his mouth drew back in a smile over the prominent tooth.
"I guess Biar Gillett don't suspicion

but what you're werrying some about him and that girl to Baidwin's," he

He was thinking that perhaps Tilly Dillingham flattered herself that he was worrying about her. "It'd be a pretty good one on him you sh'd—if you was to''—he rubbed up his hair and cleared his throat. "S'posing I run over to the Center and get a license, and you and me was to get married next Sunday night after meeting, same as him? I guess he'd be considerable surprised." It was Tilly Dillingham's figure, however, which he pictured vividly to himself. Louise

stared at him. "I s'pose it'd be rather sudden," the young man pursued; he was embolden-ed by her cyident amazement and awe, and he spoke patronizingly. "But I'd jest as lief do it as not." He was moved to admiration of his own magnanimity "I'd jest as lief do it as not," he re

His listener heard him dumbly. Her nind was confused; but it was not with speculations concerning her own part in the burlesque. Her chief sensation as regarded herself was a quiet conviction that nothing would make much differ-ence to her. She looked across at this idden suitor in unresisting silence.

"I'.l speak to your folks," said Ly-man. He went into the kitchen, and Louise heard his voice for a brief space. Stephen Pinney and his wife and the hired girl did not appear to be saying

any thing.
"Wall, I'll go over to the Center tomorrow," said Lyman, coming back
into the sitting-room and shutting the kitchen door after him. "And I'll come around for you Sunday night and take you to meeting. Is pose every body'll think it's pretty sudden; but I'm willing if so you be? Is'pose you be? Your pa and ma h'aint no objections."

When they arrive, dig out a place for them, and make it large enough to hold the roots well when they are spread out. Cut off all broken or injured roots, pa and ma h'aint no objections."

There did not seem to be any thing

more to say on the subject, and Lyman took up his hat. He was feeling highly complacent; he had thought no further than of Tilly Dillingham's astonished chagrin.

notched and carved with initials, were full; for every body had heard that Biar Gillett and the girl at Baldwin's were going to be married at the close of the service. Lyman Baker and Louise Pinnev sat together on a front bench. The young man was flushed and fidgety; the girl sat motionless. She kept her hands clasped together under the red and black shawl, and she looked shrinkingly to-wards the door; Biar Gillett and Mandy Sawyer had not yet arrived. The table on the small platform at the end of the room held a lamp, and there was a candle on the shelf, which contained the water-pail with its long tin dipper. A map of the United States hung on one of the dingy walls, which was scrawled over with chalk and lead pencil, and stuck here and there was a paper was

The blackboard above the platform contained a humorous sketch, whose figure had graduated circles for heads and bodies, and straight lines for legs.

The minister, a mild old man with dim eyes and a feeble voice, held the lamp over his Bible while he read his text. He had preached for half a cen-tury, buffeted about from post to post and taking his buffetings meekly. Now he had found a comparative calm in the little, sparsely attended, unorgan-ized church; he had settled into a pleasant peacefulness, and fallen back into

"For he clave to the Lord'-I hain no idea," he said, setting down his lamp and taking off his spectacles slowly, "that Hezekiah got none o' them teachings from his father; it ain't likely that Ahaz done nothing towards leading him into the way o' the Lord. Ahaz had been one o' the worst o' the kings o' Judah. He'd ben idolertrous; he'd broke up the Temple and set up altars in every corner of the land and worshipped idols. There ain't no sort o' probability that Hezekiah got none o' them teachings from him."

The door had opened and Biar Gillett had walked in, alone. His face took on a darker tinge as he met the eyes of the congregation upon him in a frank

the congregation upon him in a frank stare. He sat down in the nearest seat, fingering the rim of his hat. Louise Pinney gave a gasp. Her face grew white and she pressed her hands tightly together under her shawl to stop her trembling. He alone; she was not with him; she had not come. That was all she was conscious of.
She sat staring across at him;
she saw nothing else and the words
of the preacher were a vague murmur
in her ears. The discourse wandered
on to its end. The last hymn was given out and sung through. Lyman Baker prevented the benediction by striding up the room, mounting the platform and slapping a folded paper down on the table. He was red and excited and he was keeping an eye on

cited and he was keeping an cytomatical politingham.

"If you'll jest do me the favor to examine that paper," he said, with an off-hand air, which he had acquired at the shoe store. "It's a license," he added, in explanation to the gaping assembly, "and the name of the lady"—

But Louis had stood up, clinging tremblingly to a desk.

blingly to a desk.
"I can't—I can't!" she cried faintly. the blood rushing back to her white face, and she sank down weakly on her

seat.
There was an excited hum, and ther There was an excited hum, and then the formality of the meeting melted away. It became a social gathering—sympathetic, inquiring and judicial. A knot of women promptly surrounded Louise. They had immediately comprehended the entire case and they were ready to discuss and advise. Lyman Baker stood open-mouthed.

"I wouldn't urge her, Lyman," said one of the women, putting into words

one of the women, putting into words the popular conclusion. "I guess Louise hadn't really made up her mind. I wouldn't do any thing more about it able defeat. Mr. Blaine and shrowd

Somebody brought the tin dipper with some water to Louise, but she did not take it. She got up and went to the door, and Biar Gillett, after a moment of hesitation, followed her out. The meeting dispersed by lingering degrees, Lyman Baker with the rest. He was looked upon, strangely enough, as something of a lion, and he was composedly aware of it. He went home with Tilly Dillingham's elder sister, as a first step in a gradual and dignified return to Tilly Dillingham herself.

Louise Pinney looked up into Biar's face as they walked along.

"Ain't you going to marry her?" she "Wal, no," Biar responded; "I was calculating to. I s'pose you heard we was going to be married to-night?"
"Yes," said the girl.
"Wal, we was calculating to be. But

her folks come home, and come over to Miss Baldwin's after her, and they didn't favor it; they thought she was purty middling young. They took her home with 'em. I ain't expecting to see her again," he added, with some faint conception of the tumult in the girl's heart. "Oh. Biar!" she said, as she wiped

the happy tears off her freckled face. --

CHEERFUL HOMES.

Retreats Garnished with Grace and Sweetened with Love and Smiles. A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkes and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so the kind words and gentle acts, and sweet dispositions make glad the home where peace and blessing dwell. No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lo gingly toward it from all the tumults of the world; and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot under the circuit of the sun. And the influence of home perpetuate

themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in her daughters long after her head is pillowed in the dust of death, and fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons who come to wear his mantel and to fill his place; while, on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned and disor-dered home go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions, the strifes, the railings, which have made their own early lives

so wretched and distorted. Toward the cheerful home the children gather "as clouds, and as doves to their windows." while from the home which is the abode of discontent and strife and trouble, they fly forth as vultures to rend their prey.—Farmers' Home.

Setting Out Young Trees. Do not buy trees over one year old and do not unpack them till you are ready to put them in the ground. and trim up the young tops. Spread the roots out and do not bunch them, and be sure that the tree is planted deep. No manure should be used, but the top soil should be packed around the roots and pressed firmly upon them, the substill the roots and pressed firmly upon them, in his zeal for his party, he has inthe roots and pressed firmly upon them.

the subsoil thrown on the surface of the ground around the young tree. If necbut in any case it would seem that his Cheeks grew hot, and then colorless.

Stephen Pinney and his wife and the hired girl looked at her anxiously, and the former addressed a remark to Lymnan Baker concerning the working out the Friday evening prayer-meeting were of taxes on the road. He, himself, was read-marker, and he didn't calculate to rough, weeden seats, scratched and rough weeden seats, scratched and rough.

BLAINE STILL "BOSS."

Grip Yet on the Party - His Party, However, Not the Country.

According to our Washington dis patches, some significance is attached to the organization of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee on what is regarded as a Blaine basis. The selections of Congressman Goff as chairman and Edward McPherson as secretary are looked upon as directly in the interest of the late candidate for the Presidency. It is asserted that the efforts they are to make toward restoring Republican control in the House at the fall elections are to be coupled with a concerted movement to keep alive the Blaine sentiment throughout the country. Of course, the avowed object of the latter move-ment is the renomination of the Maine leader as the Republican Presidential leader as the Republican Presidential candidate two years hence. The gossip on the subject is an interesting contribution to current political discussion. To similar outgivings from other quarters it makes a timely and suggestive addition. Moreover, it bears the unmistakable stamp of truth and indicates correctly the present condition and tendencies of the Republican organization in the Nation. publican organization in the Nation.

Whatever may be thought of Mr.
Blaine either by critics or adherents, his strength with his party can neither be ignored nor denied. As the matter stands to-day he is, even in nominal retirement, the most conspicuous Re-publican in the country. Out of office his movements are more closely watched by the politicians of both parties than any representative of the minority who occupies official station. Defeat has not deprived him of the adhesion of a large body of followers in every State of the Union. The numerous body of partisans of his train do not necessarily represent the original Republicanism of the United States. Of that element much of the best has already passed over to the Democracy. A section not so large but still influential is irrevocably arrayed in antagonism to the Presidential aspirations of Mr. Blaine. Nevertheless, what remains of the old party stands firmly committed to his fortunes and looks upon him as its most capable and in-fluential chieftain. Nor are the manifestations of sympathy and support confined to his original followers. They are as visible among the extremists of the old Stalwart school as they are in the circle formerly characterized as the Half-Breeds. Reverses at the polls may have impaired his standing with the multitudes of voters; his relations to machine men have been strengthened and solidified by his overthrow. His position in his party is such that it must inevitably, unless a complete change occurs, exert a potent and far reachign influence on the Republicator reaching influence on the Republicator thieveries were all incidents of the "old". f the old Stalwart school as they are change occurs, exert a potent and far reachign influence on the Republican campaing for 1888.

Undoubtedly, Mr. Blaine and his ad-

the possibilities of 1888. Undoubtedly, they mean to set him again in the field, if a reasonable prospect of success is presented. Can he be elected? is the only question that disturbs or restrains them. It is the chief consideration which will govern their future opera-tions. No intelligent person believes for a moment that Mr. Blaine himself would hesitate to make the effort, if he believed the prize within his grasp. If he conceives the consummation of the ambition of his life to be in the range of the possibilities, he will accept the nomination, if tendered. If to his practiced eye Republican triumph ap-pears out of the question, as now seems probable, he will resolutely decline to politician. With all his sharpness and shrewdness, however, he learned some valuable lessons in the last campaign, and one of these was that a Presidential andidacy, unless a reasonable chance of success is involved, is not a thing to be coveted or willingly accepted.

Meanwhile, the opponents and sup-porters of Mr. Blaine are not inclined o permit him to rest, even though he were desirous of withdrawing altogether from political association. Discussions of his availability or unavailability go forward with increasing earnestness and frequency. The Independent Reand frequency. The Independent Republicans who antagonized him in 1884 announce their readiness to repeat the operation in 1888, should he again enter the lists. The Blaine Republicans insist that he would be stronger two years hence than any nominee who could be submitted; that the fire of accusation has been withdrawn, and that he can concentrate the party forces and attract outside recruits to an extent that no other Republican could hope for. That these considerations are to be debated for many months to come is an accepted fact in politics. In the interval of discussion it is not probable that Mr. Blaine's hold on his party will be broken or loosened. His continued ascendency renders futile for the time being the aspirations of Lo-gan, Hoar, John Sherman and their compatriots. It effectually shelves Ed-munds and every other anti-Blaine Republican as a Presidential quantity. It will enable Mr. Blaine to nominate himself in the next Presidential struggle, if he desires the nomination. It will, in all human probability, empower him to dictate the nomination of his favorite candidate, if he does not desire it for himself. In fact, Mr. Blaine is

well knows, is not invariably equivalent to an election.—Brooklyn Eagle. AN OFFENSIVE PARTISAN.

low the Clerk of a New York Federa Court Undertook to Facilitate the Manu facture of Republican Voters. The account given in another column of facts brought to light by an examination instituted by the Department of Justice into the affairs of the office of Mr. Samuel W. Lyman, clerk of the United States Court for the Southern district of New York, throws a strange light upon the relations of Federal off ialism and Republican campaign management. Among several charges brought against Mr. Lyman, there is one which this very serviceable official can neither explain away nor excuse His letters and statements are so exbeyond doubt, but they show in the clearest light the complicity of the Republican managers in the last cam-

This interesting custodian of the records of a United States Court agreed with the Republican Executive Committee to furnish papers to all their foreign voters at something less than half the regular fees, and after the election rendered a bill to the com-mittee for the whole lump. Not only is this collusive arrangement suggestive of voting urgency and various por sibilities of haste and zeal, but it is clearly contrary to the express provis-ions of the revised statutes. But, in view of the continuance of the old regime, this probably seemed a small matter to the Republican managers and the Republican clerk of court. Mr. Lyman's case is now undergoing

THE NEW SITUATION,

The People Are Not Calling for Repub-lican Rule to Any Alarming Extent A Republican organ at the West complacently observes, in view of the apparent failure of the Democratic House to accomplish what was hoped from it, that "it has served at least to show, by practical contrast, how much Republican rule was worth to the country, and to satisfy doubtful voters that the great duty of the times is to restore the old situation as soon as pos-

What was this "old situation?" It well to recall it before accepting the assumption that it was something which it would be desirable to restore. The old situation must have been bad, or the people would not have decided to change it. It was bad. Without in justice, it may be said that every unset-tled question which now troubles the Democracy, and every evil in the Government which they are striving to cure, is a legacy of Republican neglect or misrule. To restore the "old situation" misrule. To restore the "old situation" is to restore a civil service thoroughly and intensely partisan throughout, and to permit its use as an adjunct of a party machine. One year of Democratic rule has brought a great improvement in this respect. The public service is being departisanized, and there is no complaint of the neglect of their duties by officials to engage in their duties by officials to engage in partisan work, nor of the interference of the people's servants in the man-agement of elections. The new situa-tion is vastly better than the old one in

this respect.

Of the labor troubles the same thing s true. It was under Republican rule and Republican laws that cheap con-tract labor was introduced to this country, that over-production was stimulated by the bounties of protec-tion, and that the wages of miners were forced down to eighty cents a day. It was the "old situation" that saw the panic of 1873 and the depression of 1881, and that ended with a million unemployed laborers in the United States. The rise of the many millions and the combination of gigantic corporations were both incidents of this former regime. In 1860 the men in this counhieveries were all incidents of the "old

situation. Coming down to matters of current Coming down to matters of current interest, did not a recent Republican Congress fail to pass a national bankruptcy law, as well as bills for the relief of the Supreme Court, the regulation of the presidential count and presidential succession? Did not the last Congress of that complexion enact a river and harbor grab of \$18,000,000 over the President's veto? Did not it and its successors run the pension up and its successors run the pension up to a sum in excess of the entire expenses of the Government in the year before the war? The Republican party "as it was" did many great and beneficent acts. But the Republican party as it is offers no inducements to the people to "restore the old situation."—Boston Sunday Herald

ON AN ISOLATED ISLAND. Senator Fair's Scheme for the Removal Senator Fair, of Nevada, has written the following letter to the Secretary of the Interior, setting forth a plan for the settlement of the Apache question: the settlement of the Apache question:

UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, D.
C., ADRII 10.—L. Q. C. Lanar, Secretary of the
Interior—Dean Sir: I inclose the pamphlet
of which I spoke to you yesterday. By examining the map you will see the exact position
of the "Santa Catalina Island." It is isolated
and too far from the shore for any ordinary
boat to reach it. My idea is that if the
Apaches were put on this island they would
require no guards, and all that would be
needed would be a small steam tender and
crew to run between the Island and the port
of Wilmington for the purposes of communication and supply. This would, in my opinion, set the Apache question at rest forever
would save the country many valuable lives
and the Government millions of money. The would save the country many valuable lives and the Government millions of money. The title to the island is perfect. As near as I cm remember the price asked by the owners is either three or four dollars an acre. Owing to the location of the island the climate is ramild and salubrious as can be found anywhen in the world. Should you look with favoupon my suggestion as to the value of this island for the purpose named I shall be glad at any time to go more into detail with you upon the subject. I am yours very truly,

JAMES G. FAIR.

Senator Fair when spoken to upon the subject said that he really believed the Indians would be pleased with Santa Catalina after they got there, although they might possibly fight against going. The island is situated in the Pacific Ocean, about twenty-five miles southwest of Los Angeles. climate, he said, is delightful and the fishing excellent. Should this island be purchased and the Indians placed thereon it will forever put an end to the annual summer raids of these Indians upon the unprotected white set-tlers and their families, and the Government should take some steps in this direction looking to the protection of its citizens.—Washington dispatch. obviously the boss of his party at this hour. But his party is not the country, and a nomination, as Mr. Blaine very

Fred. Douglass' Opinion.

Frederick Douglass has written a letter to Hon. F. W. Bird, which appears in this week's issue of the State, the organ of the Republican State Committee. Mr. Douglass says:

"I am a Republican, and did all I could to defeat the election of Mr. Cleveland. He was under no political obligation to me whatever, yet I held the office of Recorder for nearly a whole year under his Administration, an office by law held not for any term, but solely at the pleasure of the President. While in office, President Cleveland treated me as he treated other officeholders in the district. He was brave enough to invite Mrs. Douglass and myself to all his grand receptions, thus rebuking the timidity—I will not say cowardice or prejudice—of his predecessor. I am a kepublican, and, if living, shall do all I can to elect a Republican in 1888: but I honor manliean in 1888; but I honor manliness wherever I find it, and I found it in President Cleveland, and I should despise myself if I should let anybody think otherwise. Whatever else he may be, he is not a snob and is not a coward."—Boston dispatch.

-A good many stalwart Democratic appointments have been made by the President lately, of which the se-lection of Mr. Hendrix, as postmaster at Brooklyn, is a fair example. This aspect of the situation ought to elate the Democracy and need not correpondingly depress the Mugwump. He has had his innings, and it is thought by many has lapped over a little upon straightout-and-outer. - Washington Post.

-The President's message to Congress, recommending the creation of a national arbitration bureau, not only contains in itself good advice, but the action which it suggests is prebably the limit of the power of Congress to interfere in or compose labor differences. - St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

-It is ascertained that the cinchons tree grown in hot-hous is in Europe des A CHINESE CITY.

The streets of Canton are unique their way, and as picturesque as the Cairo bazars. The winding alleys, barely six feet wide, are paved with blocks of granite, and have been built without regard to regularity or uniformity, striking off into and running away from each other at the most unexpected junctures. Canton is a city of shops, and overhead are suspended thousands of long, narrow signboards, on which are inscribed, in gold, crimson, green, black, white or brown Chinese characters, the names of owners

son, green, black, white or brown Chinese characters, the names of owners and their trades. These shops give the street a very showy aspect, and make a long vista of gaudy coloring, underneath which swarm the two and a half millions of inhabitants, surging through the narrow avenues in a way that makes one wonder that half of them are not trampled under foot.

"As we were borne aloft in state in the midst of this dense throng," says a lady who recently visited the city, "our approach heralded by the loud cries of our coolie-bearers bidding the natives make way, and responded to by the peculiar shrill shricks of the people uncererroniously being hustled out of the way, I had ample opportunity of observing my novel surroundings, is varied and shifting as the combinations of a kaleidoscope, and far more entertaining. After leaving the suburbs (so called, but really a part of Canton), we entered the new city by an arched gateway, and passed between high blank walls, each side lined with stalls of fruit and sweetment sellers, till we came to the loftier and more important shops of the rich merchants, which are perfect bazars.

\*\*Sweet are the uses of advertising. Sweet, indeed, to those who in sickness and suffering have seen the advertisement of some sovereign remody, which upon trial has brought them from death's door. "The best thing I ever say in my paper was the advertisement of Dr. Pjerce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' in sagain and again the testimony of those and more important shops of the rich merchants, which are perfect bazars. merchants, which are perfect bazars. Usually one story is completely open to the roof during the day time, showing a gorgeous background of richly carved and gilt wood work, behind which extends for a considerable distance the warehouse and dwelling. Here are to be seen all the specialties of Canton, each trade or business in its own street or locality. We saw magnificently wraught crape shawls, rich embroideries on satin, silk brocades, all hand-work (nothing in China is machine-made), carved black furniture, the finest ivory carving in the world, feather and silk regime. In 1860 the men in tanger of the better condition of some and the better condition of some and the better condition of some and the larger of the better condition of some and the larger of the better condition of some and the larger of the better condition of some and the larger of the better condition of some and the larger of the better condition of some and the larger of the better condition of some and the larger of the better condition of some caps, spectacles, artificis confins and jos

AN OIL POND.

A singular spot exists in the Gulf o Mexico, some ten miles to the southward and westward of Sabine Pass, and almost directly in the track of vessels engaged in the lumber trade between Galveston and Calrasieu, La. It is nothing more than a large space, a mile or so in diameter, upon the surface of the sea, which looks like all the rest of the gulf during calm weather, but when the winds freshen to a gale and the waters about it become agitated, takes on a reddish color, and becomes thick and muddy. The place has been called the "oil pond," from the reason that, while av be a treme all around the place, within the circle of surf, the water is comparatively quiet, and vessels, which oth-erwise would be blown ashore or swamped, can there ride out the heavies storms, and have done so in hundred of instances. The water is about twelve feet deep, and a pole can be pushed twenty-five or thirty feet through the soft and peculiar mud forming the botsoft and peculiar mud forming the bottom. This mud is different from any thing on the coast—of a soapy character and of remarkable cleansing properties, being often used to clean the decks of coasting vessels. The oil which renders the surface of the "pond" so smooth is supposed to come from the mud at the bottom, and many think there are deposits of petroleum not far from the surface. It is said that the "oil pond," when reached during a gale, is just as safe as a vessel being under the lee of a wharf in any harbor.—Western Plowman.

America's New Racing Sloop. The new Ellsworth sloop Atlantic milt to sail for the America's cup, wa

launched at Bay Ridge recently. Her dimensions are as follows: Length over all, 95 feet 1 inch; on water line, 83 feet 8 inches, extreme beam, 23 feet 2 inches; depth of hold, 12 feet 3 inches; draught, 4 feet 5 inches at stem and 8 feet 7 inches aft. Her least freeboard is 3 feet 3 inches. Her mainmast, which is of Oregon pine, is 81 feet long and 20 inches in diameter, and her topmast 48 feet long and 11 inches in diameter. Her bowsprit is 54 feet long and 17 inches in diameter main boom, 76 feet long and 18 inches in diameter; gaff 48 feet long and 11 inches in diameter; spinnaker boom, 75 feet long and 12 inches in diameter. Her mainsail measures 50 feet on the luff and spreads an area of 4.000 square feet; the area of spinnake is 4,400, and that of the main jib 1,150

square feet.-N. Y. Post. -Horne Tooke being asked by George the Third whether he played at cards, replied: "No, your majesty; the fact is I can not tell a king from a knave "

THE MARKETS.

Lard-Prime steam... BUTTER-Choice Dairy. Ohio Creamery
APPLES-Prime
POTATOES-per bushel NEW YORK. LOUR-State and Western ... No. 2 Chicago Spring Corn—No. 2 Oats—No. 2

BALTIMORE INDIANAPOLIS.

LOUISVILLE.

INTERNATIONAL prize medals have been given St. Jabobs Oil as the beet pain-ours Street Scenes in the Commercial Metrop

"I AM generally up to my neck in busi-ess," said the teacher of swimming. THE Frazer Axle Grease is the best in the world. Sold everywhere. Use it. FITTING a coat is a mere matter of form.

National Weekly. CLERGYMEN and physicians recommend Hall's Hair Renewer for diseases of the scalp and hair. Ayer's Ague Cure neutralizes the mias-matic poison which causes fever and ague. A WOMAN and a new dictionary always try to have the last word.—New Haven

slabs, shoes, caps, spectacles, artificial flowers, beach, tobacco, coffins and joss-sticks, all displayed promiscuously in preparation for the Chinese New Year, the 18th of February. At the end of each street is usually a small joss-altar,

- Youth's Companion. A Refuge for Storm-Tossed Vessels in th

and always a heavy wooden gateway.'

\$1000 TO ANY MAN WOMAN OR CHILD suffering from CATARRH Graing, Mich. HAY-FEVE -A.E. NEWMAN, SAM JONES'BOOK out Your MEANNESS." The ONLy

book containing the Bermona, Sayings and Spark-Agents Wanted ling Humor of the Great Evanuellat. Wolly Everywhere. This is the greatest sell-ing book of modern times. Address [Mention this paper.] Detroit. SATISFACTORY EVIDENCE.

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CARBOLIC SALVE, as all others are but imitation and converged. SEEDS FOR TRIAL

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Warranted five years. Sent on trial
if desired. Buy direct and save 315
to 835. Organs given as premiums.
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MUSTANG Survival of the Fittest

TELEGRAPHY Learn here and earn good pay. Situations urnished. Write VALENTINE BROS., Jamesville, Wis.

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Colds, Coughs, Sere Throat, Influent flammations, Rheumatism, Neural Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one be ninutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading the RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

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A half to a tesapounful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Gramps, Spasma, Sou Stomach, Hearthurn, Nervousness, Siesplessons, Sick Headsche, Diarrhoss, Dysentery, Colle, Flats lency and all internal pains.

Maiaria in its Various Forms. There is not a reme fial agent in the world that we care Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Billo and other fevers, affect by La Dw A To Filly so quick as RADWA TO BRADT REAL FILLY conta per bottle. Dr. RADWAY'S SANSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT For the cure of all ferofulous, 8km and Blood Dis

For the cure of all disorders of the Stome Bowels, etc. 25 cents a box. Sold by Drug

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however induced, speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured. Address, with 10 cents in stamps for reply and book of particulars, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 668 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. A LITTLE girl asked her mother if boy

cotter was the same color as terra co Dansville Breeze. Pire's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute, 25. Glenn's Sulphur Soop Jeals and beautifies. 25. Greman Corn Renover kills Corns & Bunions

BENEATH your notice—Advertise sidewalk.—National Weckly.

A Printer's Error.

Sweet are the uses of adversity, the printer's copy said, but he set it up, sweet are the uses of advertising. Sweet, indeed, to those who in sickness and suffering have seen the advertisement of some sovereign remedy, which upon trial has brought them from death's door. "The best thing I ever saw in my paper was the advertisement of Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery'" is again and again the testimony of those who have been healed by it of lung disease, bronchial affections tumors, ulcera, liver complaints and the ills to which flesh is heir.

THE best medisin I kno ov for the rutism, is to thank the Lord—that it is gout.—Josh Billings.

"Nip't in the Bud!"

Bad to say, many a good thing attains to nothing more than a fair beginning. On the other hand it is a matter for congratulation that the growth of some evil things may be also promptly frustrated. A large proportion of the cases of the most wide-spread and fatal of diseases—consumption—have their inception in nasal catarrh. Dr. Bage's Catarrh Remedy is pleasant, soothing and effectual. Try it. It has cured thousands. All druggists.

THE man with a No. 15 neck and a No. 14 collar has a hard struggle to make both ends meet.—Detroit Free Press

RELIEF is immediate, and a c Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 Working like a borse—A lawyer draw

**Biliousness** 

Some may cry humbug without knowing anything to realise the merits of our treatment for yourself, in ten days the difficulty of breathing is relieved, the pulse regular, the trinsary organs made to discharge their fail duty, sierp is restored, the swelling all or nearing speec, the strength increased, and appetite made good. We are constantly curring cases of long standing, cases that have been tapped, a number of times and the patient declared unable to live a week. Give full history of case. Name sex, low long standing that the standard discount of the standard d causing bitter taste, offensive breath, coated tongue, sick headache, drowsiness, diznines, and less of appetite. Hood's Sarzaparilla combines the best known remedies for billousness, and readily cures the most severe attacks. It gently stimulates the digrative **FAREWELL TOUR** organs, relieves headache, and restores the appetite
"For the past three months I have been troubled
great deal with billousness, which, on getting up!
the morning, caused headache and bad taste in m
mouth. After using three bottles of Hood's Sersap
rilla I am entirely free from all billousness and hea
sche." J. M. PHILLIPS, Wait's New Hotel, Blooming **Greatest Achievement!** 

Armament Enterprise on the Globe "I have used Hood's Sarssparing for billousnes think it a great remedy for that complaint." J. Abnort, Manchester, N. H.

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I saw the advertisement of Swift's Specific, and I
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can say with great joy that they have cured me entirely. I am as sound and well as I ever was in my
life.

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